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BUDDY BALLADS

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BUDDY BALLADS

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BY BERTON BRALEY

BUDDY BALLADS

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

A BANJO AT ARMAGEDDON

THINGS AS THEY ARE

SONGS OF THE WORKADAY WORLD

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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Buddy Ballads

Songs of the A. E. F.

by

Berton Braley

Author of "A Banjo at Armageddon," "Things as They Are," etc., etc.

Univ. of California

New York
George H. Doran Company

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UNIV. OF
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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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TO

LESLIE W. QUIRK

M. T. D., A. E. F.

An American Soldier

This book of verse
about American Soldiers
is Dedicated

440540

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MUCH of the verse in this volume has appeared in the Popular Magazine, Collier's Weekly, Life, The Woman's World, The New York World, Everybody's Magazine, Judge, and The Saturday Evening Post, and acknowledgments are due to the editors and publishers of these journals for permission to use the verse in book form.

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BUDDY BALLADS

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TRUE MUSIC

THESE boys have won to glory
In battle everywhere,
Tremendous is their story
And yet the bard's despair;
For though their deeds astounding
Thrill all your heart and brain,
They'd jeer the minstrel sounding
A fine heroic strain.

They speak of war's endeavor
When men are mowed like wheat,
Of things that live forever,
In slang of field and street;
Seek you for tales of duties
Where trenches run with blood,
They grin, and talk of "cooties"
Of "army chow" and mud.

What though their fame hereafter
Shall gleam in living fire?
The singer courts their laughter
Unless he strikes his lyre
In accents syncopated
And makes the cat-gut thrum
To simple music, freighted
With tunes that they can hum.

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TRUE MUSIC (continued)

So, if their songs lack splendor
Of deeds that echo far
It is because they render
Our soldiers as they are,
But if you care to hear it
The faith they will not own—
The true heroic spirit
Is in the undertone!

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SOME COMMUNITY

THERE'S a bunch of sores on my poor
left arm
Which has swelled like a country hilly,
For I'm filled chock full with a husky swarm
Of anti-disease bacilli.
I'm doped with germs of the well-known grippe
And my system is vaccinated
With bugs of smallpox, typhoid and pip;
I'm excessively populated.

When time is slack on the doctors' hands
With a vaccine point they nick me,
Or a hypo filled with a dozen brands
Of bugs is used to prick me,
If the census bureau should try to count
The germs in my tissues lurking
Before they'd total the whole amount
They'd perish from overworking.

I thought when I joined with the U. S. A.
And gave up my life civilian,
I'd be just one in the mighty fray
Instead of which I'm a trillion.
My muscles ache and my arm is sore
So that nary disease can harm me,
And I'm sailing now for a foreign shore
Each drop of my blood an army!

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ALTERED

YOU wouldn't know your Percy now,
There is tan upon his snow-white brow,
When he came he was a sissy
And his ways were very prissy
But he's undergone a change somehow;
He was really quite a model
Of a perfect molly-coddle
But you wouldn't know your Percy now.

You wouldn't know your Percy now,
At the first he scorned the army chow,
He was used to dainty dishes
Cooked according to his wishes
But we took him on a hike—and wow!
You should see him fill his mess-kit
With the food to swell his weskit,
No, you wouldn't know your Percy now.

You wouldn't know your Percy now,
He was one to whom the swells cow-tow
Now he pals with Mike the baker,
And with Tim the boiler-maker
And with Jack who sailed a garbage scow;
What the army made him see was
They were better men than he was
And you wouldn't know your Percy now.

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ALTERED (continued)

You wouldn't know your Percy now,
His chest was thirty-two, I vow,
Now it bulges like a barrel
And he cleaned up Pat O'Farrel
In a recent little friendly row;
For at last he's joined the crowd of
Husky chaps worth being proud of
And you wouldn't know your Percy now!

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S.O.S.

YES, when we joined the army we were put in Olive Drab
But now our service uniforms depend on what we do,
Sometimes a cobbler's apron is the garment that we grab,
The white coat of a baker or a fireman's dingy blue;
Our looks won't make you proud of us for there's a motley crowd of us
Who keep things moving forward to the first-line fighting guys,
The chow and clothes by tons for them, the powder and the guns for them,
For we're the rummy outfit known as "Service of Supplies."

Up at the Front they say, "Oh, yes,
It's pretty soft for the S.O.S."
And I s'pose they're right, for all we fight
Is weather, and time, and such;
Laying the thousands of tracks or more
Where there was nothing but swamp before,
And being told "That ain't much."
For all we hear in our strain and stress
Is, "Pretty soft for the S.O.S."

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S.O.S. (continued)

Our C.O.s only stick to work for eighteen hours a day
And all they ever ask of us is just about the same,
We do a job like Panama to while the time away
Erect ten miles of building as an idle sort of game;
With docks and much machinery we decorate the scenery,
Assemble locomotives at the rate of five an hour,
Excuses cannot go with us and sheer results must show with us,
For we supply the doughboys with their hardest hitting power.

But still they say at the Front, "Oh, yes,
It's pretty soft for the S.O.S."
And p'raps it's true, for all we do
Is make a new map of France,
Juggle with freight by the cubic mile
And fit two million of men in style.
To move when the word's "Advance!"
Cinch? Why sure, it's a pipe, I guess,
Soft, oh soft, for the S.O.S.

We drive the spiles for jetties and we build a dozen quays,
We bake the bread of armies and we mend their shirts and shoes,
We yank out all the cargoes of the ships from overseas
And we send 'em up on trucks and trains for fighting men to use,
We have our bunks and creep in 'em when we have time to sleep in 'em,
The Gothas come and bomb us now and then before we rise,

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S.O.S. (continued)

We do our job and sweat for it and all we ever get for it
Is knocks for "seeking safety in the Service of Supplies."

For everywhere that we go I guess
We hear, "It's soft for the S.O.S."
So we grin and bear, but you bet we care
When they sneer at the service crew,
For we had our job and we didn't shirk
But did our best with our daily work
And that's all a man gang can do,
But the only credit we get is, "Yes,
It's pretty soft for the S.O.S."

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THE BOMBPROOFER

SOFT? Say, listen, you with the golden stripe
Showin' a piece of flyin' shrapnel hit you,
Me, I'm talkin', got a few words to pipe
Though if I done the way I feel, I'd hit you;
Soft, I've had it—'twasn't no fault of mine
It was for soldier's work I joined this army,
Not to be anchored, miles from the battle line,
Where there is nothin' comes along to harm me.

Orders is orders, yours for a trench,
Mine to stick here 'cause I parleyed the French,
I didn't want it, but that was my stunt,
Me, who had dreamed about life at the front!

Soft? Say, Buddy, maybe you think it's fun
When I return, with fellers that's been in battle,
Meet my folks an' tell 'em that all I done
Was stayin' here, interpretin' Frenchies' prattle;
Ask for transfer? I've tried every way on earth,
Told my Captain, "I wanted to fight in France, sir,
Not to linger, fillin' a bomb proof berth!"
"This is the place you're needed," was my answer.

Orders is orders; yours to the spot
Where all the shells an' the gas make it hot,
Mine to be doin' a job that is tame
Wishin' to hell I was playin' the game!

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THE BOMBPROOFER (continued)

Soft is right; but not what I came here for,
  Me that was sick of things I was doin' daily,
Me, expectin' a different life in war,
  Me, who, seekin' for thrills, enlisted gaily.
Soft, you said it. I sleep in a comfy bed
  Dreamin' of war, wishin' that I was in it,
Soft for me, who'd rather be up there, dead,
  Than in this job, hatin' it every minute.

Orders is orders—you got your chance
Glory an' hardship of service in France,
I've et my heart out with envyin' you,
See the point, Buddy, all right then, I'm
  through!

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THE BATTLE OF PARIS

I COMES in right straight from the trenches
An', pipin' what's round me to see,
I meets an' American soldier
Who's dressed up for afternoon tea;
I says to him, "Buddy, I'm askin'
What duty they've picked you out for?
You're dolled up, by heck, but your face looks a wreck,
Say, what have you done in the war?"

"I fought in the Battle of Paris
For eighteen long months," he replies,
"Repellin' the spells of the mademoiselles
That's buzzin' around here like flies;
My right arm's worn out from salutin'
These shavetails an' captings, by gosh;
I fought in the Battle of Paris,
It's harder than fightin' the Boche!"

He gives a sad smile an' he mutters,
"You've had a tough time up your way,
But you didn't face regulations
That's changed twenty times every day;
You didn't get ten francs subsistence
Where chow alone costs twenty odd,
An' M.P.s just flock growlin' 'pass,' every block,
Along o' your whole promenade.

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THE BATTLE OF PARIS (continued)

"I fought in the Battle of Paris
For glory I hadn't a chance,
I drove a side-car for a Louie whose bar
Was won by the way he could dance;
I've three golden stripes for my service
I've never packed helmet or gun,
But—fight in the Battle of Paris
An' see how you like it, old son."

Well me, I just looks at that feller
An' thinks what the poor boob's been through,
An' says to him, "Bud, I've seen danger an' blood,
But I ain't no braver than you.
You've fought in the Battle of Paris
An' sure show the wear an' the tear,
An' just so you'll know how you stand with me, Bo,
I'll slip you my old Croix de Guerre!"

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THE LATE ARRIVAL

(Who found it "fini" when he came).

I FEEL just like a kid who's schemed an' planned
For joinin' with the circus in some town,
Lured by the gilded wagons an' the band,
An' who arrives, an' finds the canvas down,
The seats piled up, the cages locked an' tight,
The troupe still there, but with no place to go,
An', in the dim dawn's cold an' pallid light,
The sheriff in possession of the show!

The circusmen may come around an' say,
"Young feller, this here game is on the punk,
You get hard work, bum grub, no chanct to play,
An' half the time the ground is where you bunk;
You gotta fight with roughnecks everywhere,
You have no home an' mighty little coin,
Take it from us, kid, you're in luck for fair
To have the show blow up before you join."

They may be right, but that young kid will feel,
Sorry the outfit went upon the shelf,
An' wish, in spite of what the wise ones spiel
He'd had a chanct to try the thing himself.
No matter how or where he may exist,
An' whether he is poor or has the cash,
He'll always think of things that he has missed
By comin' when the show has went to smash.

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THE LATE ARRIVAL (continued)

An' that's the way with me about this war.
You guys that's tried it claim the graft was bum,
But none the less it's what I came here for,
An' now I've missed it, well, I'm sort of glum;
You say I'm lucky, landin' when I did.
Perhaps you're right, I guess you ought to know,
But all my life I'll be just like that kid
Who came too late an' found—a busted show!

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IN HOSPITAL

NURSE, here is another brave hero who wants to
go back to the front,
He's wounded in seventeen places from pullin' some
kind of a stunt
Out there where the gas is the thickest an' bullets an'
shells fill the air,
An' now, lyin' soft in a hospital bed, he's longin' to
hurry back there!
You say there ain't any such soldier? I guess it must
be you ain't seen
How thousands of wounded is talkin'—accordin' to
this magazine—
Of runnin' right back to the trenches the minute they
find they are well,
An' leavin' these hospital quarters to step in the mid-
dle of hell!

But you know an' I know they're lyin', you bet,
They toss out that bunk for a fresh cigarette,
We're willin' to go when they order us back
But no one is achin' to risk a new crack,
This "just-let-me-at-'em-again" stuff they pull
Is nothin' but bull, Nurse, just nothin' but bull!

Go back to the rats an' the cooties, the cold an' the
rain an' the mud,
The whiz-bangs, the H.E.s an' shrapnel, the gas an'
the stink an' the blood?

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IN HOSPITAL (continued)

We do it, of course, it's our duty, an' part of the job
we have got,
But that ain't no sign we're enthusin' or cheerin' a
hell of a lot,
For we've had our taste of the business, an' we know
the glory of war,
An' take it from us, little sister, it's nothin' we're
hankerin' for;
A hospital's comfy an' pleasant, the front is unhealthy
an' rough,
An' when a guy says that he wants to go back, he's
throwin' some kind of a bluff.
The fact is we go when we're ordered, it's something
we came here to do,
But Gosh, Nurse, you know how we hate it, an' Gosh,
we'll be glad when we're through!

They're stallin', just stallin', the guys who assert,
They ache to go back to the smells an' the dirt,
They're talkin' for glory, not knowin', poor tykes,
Tain't glory for no one to do what he likes;
But when you go back, an' go back with a grin
In spite of the fact that you dread it like sin,
That's bein' a soldier, a guy who don't pull
No sign of the bull, Nurse, no sign of the bull!

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THE M. P.

NOBODY loves the M. P.
Gosh, but we're misunderstood,
Though it's a fact
We always act
Just for the soldier's own good.
Shield him an' keep him from harm
Watch over him like a father;
But, does he treat us the same as a son,
Show us he's grateful for all that we done,
Thank us, with smiles, for our bother?
Not on your life, he's as sore as can be,
Nobody loves the M. P.

When a man's quartered in town
Where his temptations are big,
We keep him straight
Early an' late,
Sheltered from sin—in the brig!
He'd be forgettin' his pass
If we weren't there to remind him;
But, does he show that he's pleased with our care?
No, all he does is to grumble an' swear.
Thankless an' grouchy we find him,
Cussin' ourselves an' our whole pedigree,
Nobody loves the M. P.

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THE M. P. (continued)

Soldier in line is the same,
Though we do things for the best,
Helpin' him fight
By directin' him right,
He merely calls us a pest;
When we are kindly, but firm,
Givin' him lessons in duty,
How does he take it? He'll grunt an' he'll grouse
Sayin', between an M. P. an' a louse,
He'd rather live with the cootie!
Sure it ain't right, but you've got to agree
Nobody loves the M. P.

When I am done with my bit
Here on the earth, an' I fly
Up where St. Pete has the doorkeeper's seat
He'll look me straight in the eye,
Pipe my brassard an' my hat,
Then he'll remark, in a minute,
"Buddy, I'm sorry, but there's two or three
Doughboys up here, an' this place wouldn't be
Heaven for them, with *you* in it;
That'll be hell for you, sure, but you see,
Nobody loves an M. P.!"

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A. W. O. L.

A. W. O. L.—yes, Bud, that's me!
Six—months—up—front; some—long—hard—spell
Couldn't—get—no—leave, so—you—can—see
Why—I—just—went A. W. O. L.

As long as there was fightin' I didn't ask to go,
I wasn't gonna be a yellow pup,
If other guys could stand it, You bet I wouldn't show
That any kind of game could do me up.
I slept in rain an' drizzle an' I et my meals from tin,
An' if I felt like blubberin' I'd set my teeth an' grin;
But when we got to billets an' it looked as if we'd stay,
An' leave was plumb denied me, why I simply went away.

My clothes an' my features was muddy
But under the mud was a smile,
For after my laborin', Buddy,
I thought I'd just play for awhile.

I beat it on the railway an' when the guard came by
I muttered "ne comprend" to all he said,
An' so I came to Paris, to Paris, Bud, an' I
Have done my best to paint the city red;
I've played around regardless, I've bought the chickens wine

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A. W. O. L. (continued)

I've stood on cafe tables an' sang "The World is Mine,"
At last the M. P.'s got me an' they put me in the coop,
But when I think of all my fun, why I don't give a whoop!

I beat it from camp in a hurry
An' now I must pay for the crime,
But though I catch hell, I should worry,
For I've had one hell of a time!

A. W. O. L., yes, Bud, that's—me,
Six—months—up—front, some—long—hard—spell,
Leave—or—no—leave—I've—had—my—spree,
I'm—glad—I—went A. W. O. L.

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FOR SERVICE

SNUB-NOSED and short as to wheelbase, spidery-
like as to frame
Known as the little "tin Lizzie," doing its work just
the same,
Right on the job when it's needed, eager for any old
stunt
Dodging the shells and the shell-holes, bumping along
to the front;
Ambulance carrying blesses, camion loaded with
chow,
Rattling along like a messkit, but always arriving,
somehow,
Some little soldier, the Flivver, tough little, rough
little car,
Fit for the hardest of service, ready whenever you
are!

Hang a set of medals on the Flivver,
(It'll shake 'em off, but never mind)
It was always certain to deliver
Service of the necessary kind,
It set your teeth arattle as it jounced you into
battle
It joggled up your stomach and your liver,
It wasn't any beauty but it sure was there for duty
So hang a bunch of medals on the Flivver.

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FOR SERVICE (continued)

Big cars are better to look at, but, when they're mired
in the muck
Hark how they honk for assistance, calling a Tin
Lizzie truck,
Funny and battered and noisy, watch how the Flivver
makes good,
There is a peach of an engine under that little tin
hood;
Nothing but shell-fire can stop it, and I have seen, now
and then,
How, when it's half shot to pieces, it'll start going
again,
Say, if they there weren't quite so many, causing the
chickens to scoot
When I caught sight of a Flivver, I'd bring my hand
to salute.

Hang a set of medals on the Flivver
D. S. C. and also Croix de Guerre,
You can count upon it to deliver
All the goods its built for, anywhere,
Wherever it may take you it'll bounce you, it'll
shake you,
Till your body and your nerves are all aquiver,
But you have the fun of knowing that you'll get
where you are going,
So hang a set of medals on the Flivver!

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LIMBERFINGERS

HE wasn't so good with a rifle, he couldn't throw hand grenades much
And when in a fight, though his nerve was all right, he got in the other men's way;
But put him before a piano, believe me, the kid had a touch
He knew every note that had ever been wrote, oh, Buddy, that soldier could play.
He'd make you *feel* classical music way down to the tip of your spine;
He'd make your blood thrill and the heart of you fill with songs and with marches of war
Or set you to swinging with rag time that bubbled and tingled like wine—
Then sudden, you'd find that with tears you was blind, you didn't know why or what for.

He'd find an old battered piano, somewhere in a ruined château
With half the strings broke and the keyboard a joke and both of the pedals napoo
But if all the white keys was missing, he'd play on the black ones, and so
He'd give us an air we could whistle to there, and say, but it cheered us beaucoup.

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LIMBERFINGERS (continued)

For some guys is best in the trenches, and some guys
is best down at Tours
But he did his bit with each key that he hit, his
fingers was magical things
That wove us a web of enchantment around all we
had to endure
And gave us the heart to go on with our part, by
tunes from a boxful of strings.

He wasn't so much with a shovel, though willing and
anxious enough
His hands wasn't made for the ditch diggers' trade,
but he could dig down in your soul
And bring up your dreams and your visions to make
you forget life was tough
Forget, for a time, all the muck and the slime, of
some damn detestable hole;

No matter how weary or sleepless or worn with the
march he might be
He'd bring from the keys any tune that you please
if there was a keyboard to try
And if I was handing out medals I'd slip him the
old D. S. C.
The service he give was to help us to live—and
help us, if need be, to die!

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CONVOY

BLACK night folding and surrounding us
Camions and batteries of guns,
No light save the shell-fire pounding us
Searching for the route the convoy runs,
Hey, you! Throw that coffin nail away.
Where you think you are, in Central Park?
Poor stew, want to give our trail away?
Bringing up a convoy in the dark.

Road's clogged, full of troops ahead of us,
Now we've hit a hole, the motor dies.
Wheel's bogged, think what's being said of us
Where the Front is waiting for supplies!
What, stuck? No, she gives a cough again
Moves a little, slow as Noah's Ark,
Here's luck, give her gas, we're off again,
Bringing up the convoy in the dark.

Whee—ee, crash! Listen, where did THAT one go?
Seems to me they're getting pretty near.
Some smash! Now I hear a fat one go
Whining through the inky atmosphere.
Whoa there, held up with our load again
Fritzie must have landed on his mark.
Don't swear, they will clear the road again—
Bringing up a convoy in the dark.

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CONVOY (continued)

Crawl, crawl. Guys in back are cussing us,
  Powder truck's a little in advance,
Boys all, wouldn't Fritz be mussing us
  If he hit THAT camion by chance!
Guns, chow, powder and machinery,
  Not a light to go by, not a mark,
That's how, groping through the scenery
  We bring up the convoy after dark.

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NIGHT AT THE FRONT

NIGHT at the front—an' the star shells soarin'
Lightin' up No Man's Land,
Mutter of men, an' the big boys roarin'
Back where the gunners stand,
Squelch of the mud, for the skies are pourin'
Rotten—but ain't it grand?

Night on the Front—an' the rockets glarin'
Signals, I guess, an' now
Up through the dark our planes are tearin'
There goes a gas shell "pow!"
Look, where the night barrage is flarin'
Makin' a fearful row!

Night on the Front—an' you slip an' tumble
Huntin' the place you're bound,
Jerry's batteries roll an' rumble
Searchin' our hidin' ground,
Archie chatters, an' "bumble, bumble"
Gothas are dronin' round!

Night on the Front—an' the front is seethin'
Bubblin' with death an' hate,
Stretched along like a dragon breathin'
Flames of a fiery fate
Or one of them Moloch gods that's heathen,
Cruel an' fierce, but Great!

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NIGHT AT THE FRONT (continued)

Night on the Front—an' machine guns drummin'
Spatterin' mud, lay low!
Wow! Hear that? It's a big one hummin',
Lord, what a gorgeous show!
Night on the front—our relief is comin'
Pick up your pack, let's go!

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HIS DETAIL

WHAT I come in for
When I joined this war
Was to go an' fight the wicked Hun,
Face the horrid Teut
On the field, an' shoot
Regiments of Boches with my gun;
So I took my chance
Sailed for Sunny France
(Where I've never even seen the sun)
And, it seems to me,
Since I crossed the sea,
Diggin' in the mud is all I've done.

What I do is dig
Little holes an' big,
Rifle pits an' trenches
Full of rats an' stenches,
Dugouts that are anything but trig.
Rifle? Oh, I've got it,
But I've never shot it,
All I do is dig,
dig,
dig!

When I've done my trick
With my spade an' pick,
When I think my job is finished, then

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HIS DETAIL (continued)

Orders comes to go
On ahead, an' so
I must start to diggin' in again;
I have tossed enough
Of this mud an' stuff
For to build six pyramids, or ten,
This man's war has shown
That the shovel's grown
Greater than the rifle—or the pen!

What I do is dig
Little holes an' big,
In the midst of shellfire
Shrapnel, gas an' hell fire,
Rootin' for my shelter, like a pig;
I can't tell no story
Full of gleam and glory
All I did was dig,
dig,
dig!

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"THE AMATEURS"

(German papers, before the big drive, spoke of American troops as "flabby").

A YEAR ago the captain was instructor in a college,
The sergeant was a plumber and the corporal a clerk,
The privates had no glimmering of military knowledge
They'd never run across it in their ordinary work;
But in today's dispatches there's a simple little item
Describing how this company went up against the Boche,
And smashed a Hun battalion that was coming up to fight 'em,
And took two German companies as prisoners, b'gosh!

The Prussian has his veterans
And thinks there are no better 'uns,
He said our boys were flabby and the greenest of the green,
He counted on defeating them
But when it came to meeting them
His veterans departed very quickly from the scene.

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"THE AMATEURS" (continued)

The Captain was a greenhorn at the military science
But he flanked the German Major and he sent him to the rear,
The shavetails had few tactics but a heap of self reliance.
The sergeants and the corporals were novices, it's clear;
They weren't machine-made soldiers and you never would have picked 'em
As equal to the Boches in the goosestep style of war,
But when they got in battle with the Teutons, why they licked 'em,
And that is just exactly what we sent them over for.

The Prussians were the gabby ones,
They called our soldiers, "Flabby ones,"
"No match for troops of Kultur who had waded deep in blood,"
And it was quite a jolt to them,
In fact, a thunderbolt to them,
To find these flabby Yankees trampling Germans in the mud!

The Captain wasn't expert in the art of killing babies,
The shavetails and the sergeants and the corporals and men
Were not innoculated with the military rabies
Which crucifies old ladies "as a lesson" now and then;
They were too soft and flabby for that Teuton brand of slaughter,

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"THE AMATEURS" (continued)

They'd never quite been hardened to that special
point of view,
To smash the German soldiers was what made 'em
cross the water
And—that's a job it's evident they're tough enough
to do!

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MUD

NO, it isn't the shells or the horrible smells
(Though they give us quite trouble enough)
And it isn't patrol that brings chills to the soul
Nor the danger and all of that stuff;
It isn't the "whee!" of the flying H.E.
Nor the bullet which lands with a thud,
That make of the Front such a nerve-racking stunt,
It's the Mud, yes, believe me, the Mud!

Oh, Bud,
You'll certainly swear at the mud;
The gummy and gluey
And scummy and gooey
Result of continual flood,
The swamp-and-muck blend of it,
World-without-end of it,
Mud!

Oh, it gets everywhere, in your eyes and your hair,
Your mess-kit, your mask and your gun,
You're caked with its slime and three-fourths of the time
Each shoe weighs exactly a ton,
The duck boards sink deep in the stuff and you sleep
Where it fairly soaks into your blood,
That's what we abhor in this weary old war
The Mud—boy, you said it,—the Mud.

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MUD (continued)

Oh, Bud,
You chew it like cows do a cud;
This grimy, eternal,
And slimy, infernal,
Admixture that comes with the flood,
This worst-of-all-things to us
Gosh-how-it-clings-to-us,
Mud!

It drags and it sucks at the wheels of the trucks
And holds up munitions and chow,
It bogs the big guns that we need when the Huns
Are raising a horrible row;
It seeps through the tin that our rations are in;
It gets in each bean and each spud,
And if, while we scoff at our woes, we're bumped off
Doggone it, they plant us in Mud!

Oh, Bud,
I don't want to lie in the mud!
I hope they won't jam me
Way down in that clammy,
That jelly-like, smelly old flood,
That can't-dodge-the-clutch-of-it,
Always-too-much-of-it,
Mud!

Digitized by Google

AERIAL ADVENTURERS

OUT of the past they roust,
Spirit of times that knew
Tourney and reckless joust;
They are the chosen few
Living the old romance
Playing the knightly game,
Wielding for flashing lance,
Bullets that flare and flame.

Cuirasseurs of the air
Riding their wingèd steeds,
Forth to the clouds they fare
Heroes of breathless deeds.
Field of the Cloth of Gold
Never knew such emprise;
Knights on their chargers bold
Swooping across the skies.

High in the vault above
Driving a combat Spad,
We shall find splendor of
Arthur and Galahad;
Sheepskin for shirt of mail,
Yammering gun for lance;
Ranging the eagles' trail
Knights of the old Romance.

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THE STUDENT AVIATOR

THEY gave me army tactics
They filled me full of Math.
They taught me how to build a trench
And march along a path.
I had a course in rifle fire
(Which isn't used in air)
They drilled me on the bayonet
Till I had skill to spare.

I learned to take a plane apart
And set it up again;
I studied motor theory
For weeks and weeks, and then
When I looked forward hopefully
To zooming through the sky
They said I mustn't flip, because
I hadn't learned to fly.

So it was school at Kelly Field,
And Mineola, too,
And then they shipped me over here
And hope sprung up anew,
But what I got was school again,
They forced me to endure
A three months' course at Issoudun
Which followed one at Tours.

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THE STUDENT AVIATOR (continued)

For eighteen months of dreary work
The same, unending round
They've fitted me to aviate
But kept me on the ground.
I joined to drive a chasse plane
And know war's greatest thrill
But what I got was drill and books
And I am at it still.

It's well enough to ground a man
Completely, at the start,
But wherefore keep him on the ground
Until you break his heart?
I've studied till the war is done,
I've hoped and dreamed, but I
Am sure I'll never drive a bus
Till I'm too old to fly.

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FUTURES

(The Pilot)

WHEN I get through with this man's war and out
of this man's army,
The kind of life I'm looking for is one that cannot
harm me,
No, not for me the speedy plane I used to pot the Hun
with,
A second-handed little Ford will do to have my fun
with,
This thing of dodging through the skies has made me
tense and nervous,
I'll make my tours in Pullman seats when I am
through the service,
And bump to work in trolley cars like other city
dwellers,
And thank my stars I'm not behind the blast of air-
propellers.

That's me when I
Don't have to fly
With army aviators,
The only time
I'll ever climb
Will be in elevators.

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FUTURES (continued)

When I am through with this man's war and out of this man's army,
I'll be a person who'll abhor whatever might alarm me,
For after months of split-tail stunts and wild and reckless chances,
It's me to play things safe and sane in placid circumstances.
I'll take my risks in auction bridge and penny-ante poker,
Where there's no German Fokker bus to be the little joker,
Let others gamble in the games of danger and endurance,
My family'll be old and gray when they get my insurance!

I'll never take
The jobs that make
A fellow's frame grow thinner;
I plan to plod
Acquire a pod,
And nod each night at dinner.

My bus? It's that one over there. Some traveler, that baby,
And when I'm through, well, yes, sometimes I'll think about her, maybe,
And dream of shouting "contact, boys," and of her motor roaring,
And taxi-ing along the field and lifting, zooming, soaring,

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FUTURES (continued)

Just now, what looks the best to me is peace and rest
and quiet.
I'm planning for the simple life and hoping, when I
try it,
That I won't find this Spad of mine still has the lure
to charm me,
And make me dream of this man's war and long for
this man's army.

Say, but she's trim,
And swift and slim
As through the clouds I weave her,
And I'll admit
That when I quit
I sure will hate to leave her!

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ARCHIE

(Anti-Aircraft Gun)

ARCHIE sits on the ground below
  Pointing his nose in air,
Archie's trying his best to throw
  Shells that'll get me fair,
He tosses his shoots and spins and curves
  Up where my Nieu-port flits,
But he isn't hard on a fellow's nerves
  For Archibald seldom hits.

I'm sneakingly fond of Archie
  Except when he comes too near,
He adds to the zest of travel
  Round in the ozone here,
I look down and grin at Archie
  Straffing the atmosphere.

Archie scatters his puffy shells
  Freely along my trail,
Filling my path with bumps and swells,
  Up where he sees me sail,
And if I stand on my tail and stall
  I oftentimes hear his bark
But it's hardly ever he bites at all,
  So dodging him is a lark!

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ARCHIE (continued)

A hopeful old dear is Archie,
He misses ten thousand tries,
But patiently goes on shooting
At every old thing that flies,
Making the birds unhappy
Here in the pleasant skies.

Archie's brothers quite frequently
Join in his air-barrage,
Seeking to make a hit on me
Right in the fuselage,
So I split-tail round and I spin and dive
And thus, when the party's through
I'm perfectly safe and much alive
And—Archibald's healthy, too.

So here's to your fortune, Archie,
You plodding old patient Hun,
May you never lack shells to scatter
Wherever the air-craft run,
May you hopefully go on straffing
And never hit anyone!

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TRIBUTE

FRITZ? He is all you say,
Bandit and Hun, that guy;
But, when he comes your way
Zooming up through the sky,
Riding a Fokker bus
Sitting up in the sun,
He is a fighting cuss,
He is a bird, the Hun!

Many who sneered at Fritz
—Thought him a cinch, somehow,—
Lie, with their planes in bits,
Shoving up daisies now.
If you prefer to live
Rather than tumble, wrecked,
You will be wise to give
Jerry his due respect.

Strapped in his "office" seat,
Flipping around in air,
He is a job to beat,
He is an ace, a bear,
Dogfight or two man scrap
He is a peacherine,
So, when you crash that chap
You are a bird that's keen.

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TRIBUTE (continued)

Like him? Not me, and yet
  Nevertheless, I feel,
Fritz, when in air we've met
  Worthy my lead and steel.
Though I am out to kill
  All of his tribe I can,
Speaking in terms of skill,
  Fritz is a first-class man.

Who was it called him "thick,"
  I haven't found him so,
Nary a stunt or trick
  Jerry can't do and show;
Get him I must, and do,
  Pluck him from out the sky.
Nevertheless it's true
  Little old Fritz can Fly!

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THE LITTLE GUY

YOU never can tell by a Frenchy's looks
What kind of a fightin' man he is,
The hero bird that you meet in books
Is a husky guy with a noble phiz,
But I went to a vaudeville show last night
An' I bought a drink from the waiter there.
He was four feet seven or so in height,
But the son of a gun had the Croix de Guerre!

He was just a kid with a girlish face,
An' his weight was ninety or ninety-five,
His figger hadn't no manly grace,
His eyes was gentle, but Man Alive!
Though he looked too fragile to pack a gun,
He'd croaked ten Boches, that was his share,
An' got six wounds in that hell, Verdun;
So the son of a gun had the Croix de Guerre!

With fifty pounds on his slender back,
He'd march for days till he reached the Front,
You'd swear he couldn't of borne a pack
But somehow or other he did the stunt;
In gas an' shell fire he'd stood the gaff
An' gone through things that 'ud raise your hair,
His meek appearance would make you laugh,
But the son of a gun had the Croix de Guerre.

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THE LITTLE GUY (continued)

So I sits and looks at that puny chap,
And I says to myself, and knows it's true,
"It ain't your body that wins a scrap,
It's the spirit in you that sees you through.
And the soul of that kid is the soul of France,
The world's great hope and the Hun's despair,
The boy's not much to a careless glance,
But the son of a gun has the Croix de Guerre!"

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THE ARMY DOCTOR

HE gives us pills for many ills,
An' all the pills the same;
No matter what a guy has got
The matter with his frame.
When we get well from calomel
He's slipped us by the ton,
He thinks for sure our rapid cure
Is something he has done.

Oh, the Army Doc is a bird that's fine,
He paints us over with iodine,
But for all we jeer an' for all we knock,
He's a regular fellow, the Army Doc!

For when a "show" is planned we know
The Doc is on our track,
Where H.E.'s rain; to soothe the pain
Of wounded, crawlin' back.
He takes his chance in our advance
With surgeon's knife in hand;
Where gas clouds lurk he does his work
—A job I couldn't stand.

For though I've got kind of a fightin' nerve,
It's another sort of thing to serve
In a bloody station where wounded flock,
An' that is the job of the Army Doc!

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THE ARMY DOCTOR (continued)

With probe an' splint he does his stint,
Without no rest or sleep,
Until he drops or something stops
The wounded lines that creep
To get his aid. An' when he's made
His final dressin', then
His nap he takes, an' when he wakes,
He's on the job again.

There's many a simple wooden cross,
That marks the place of a Doctor's loss;
But many a soldier's cross ain't there,
Because of the Army Doctor's care.
He's true blue color that will not crock,
An' I sure salutes to the Army Doc!

Digitized by Google

FRENCHY

THEY called us Yanks and we called them Frogs
But what is there in a name?
In summer's dust and in winter's bogs,
We'd seen how they played the game.
We'd watched 'em march with a slouchin' gait,
Their packs was a holy fright,
They rattled an' banged like a local freight,
But Lord, how those Frogs could fight!

'Twas "no comprenny," an' "ne parlais,"
With most of them birds we met,
But we liked each other a lot, I'll say,
Them poilus is men, you bet.
Their uniforms fit like a burlap bag,
Their caps are a joke, for fair,
Their belts are loose an' their trousers sag,
But the Frogs in a scrap are There.

No, they ain't so much when it comes to style,
They're stubby an' short an' small,
But there's something fine in their sunny smile,
An' the light in their eyes, an' all,
That sure did get us, an' though their ways
We couldn't quite understand,
We found, in the worst of our fightin' days,
The poilus were right on hand.

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FRENCHY (continued)

We called 'em Frogs, an' they called us Yanks,
But brothers we was, ah, oui,
An' we didn't laugh at their shamblin' ranks,
When we thought of their pedigree,
We fought beside 'em against the Boche,
Till all of the war was through,
An' the feller that rides the Frogs, b'gosh,
Will mix with the doughboy, too!

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THE DOUGHBOY

WE'RE all of us fightin' the war, the job that we come over for,
The rough engineers an' the boys who shift gears
On the trucks that come up with munitions,
The shavetails as fresh as the breeze, the busy old nosey M.P.s,
An' the S.O.S. guys, who keep movin' supplies,
Through all kinds of times an' conditions;
But when you come down to the plain fightin' stunt,
With all of the strain there is to it,
The heart-breakin' work at the shell-hammered front,
The Doughboy's the bird who must do it!

Oh, Boy, Doughboy,
Grab your pack an' kit,
A fresh division's needed,
You've got to pound the grit,
Can't you hear the shellin',
See the star-shell's arch?
Oh, Boy, Doughboy,
Time for you to march!

The general looks at the map an' dopes out the plan of the scrap,
His orders are made an' the words are relayed,
An' the forces for action assemble,

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THE DOUGHBOY (continued)

The aeroplanes flicker through space, the batteries
wheel into place;
A signal, a roar, an' the heavy shells soar,
The earth an' the atmosphere tremble!
But infantry's waitin' in shellholes an' pits,
Their shelter wherever they make it,
For though the guns shatter the Hun line to bits,
It's up to the Doughboy to take it.

Oh, Boy, Doughboy,
Out where bullets spurt,
Eatin' gas an' shrapnel,
Burrowin' in dirt,
When the shells have hammered
Jerry in his nest,
Oh, Boy, Doughboy,
You must do the rest!

Sometimes he has mess tent an' bed, but mostly he's
up where he's fed,
Emergency truck, an' sleeps in the muck,
Curled up, to keep warm, with his Buddy;
He stands every kind of a bump, the whiz-bangs, the
H.E.'s that "crump!"
The gas shells that plow in the dirt an' go "Pow!"
The shrapnel that makes the work bloody;
The cold an' the stink an' the hunger an' thirst,
He bears 'em an' cusses, but no boy
Is better at fightin' when things are the worst,
Than Mr. American Doughboy!

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THE DOUGHBOY (continued)

Oh, Boy, Doughboy,
Hear old Jerry squeal,
How he hates the close work,
How he loathes the steel!
When you jumped his trenches,
Backward Fritz was hurled,
Oh, Boy, Doughboy,
Sittin' on the World!

Digitized by Google

THE RUNNER

OF all the jobs in this man's war
I'd just as soon steer clear of his,
It ain't a thing I'd care much for,
To dodge out there where bullets whiz,
To squirm an' duck where shells have struck,
An' face m.g.s that bark an' crack,
While Jerry pots you with his shots,
An' you can't stop to pot him back.

It's bad enough to climb the top,
An' charge the trenches—at a walk.
But still, when Jerry tries to stop
Your progress, well, your gun can talk;
It's tough, all right, but you can fight,
Give Fritz a bayonet massage;
The runner takes your chance, then makes
His way back through our own barrage!

I've seen a runner start to race,
Then crumple, bumped off by the Hun;
I've seen another take his place,
An' when he fell, another one
Go stumblin' on till he is gone
Where shellfire makes the earth a churn,
I've seen him go, but this I know,
I seldom see that guy return.

Digitized by Google

THE RUNNER (continued)

I think I got good fightin' nerves
This game requires 'em, understand?
But my hat's off to him who serves
As runner over No Man's Land;
Retreat, advance, he takes his chance,
However ticklish it may be;
Some guy must get that duty, yet,
I'd just as soon it wasn't me!

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ANZACS

JACQUES is a peach of a fighter, Tommy's a he-person, too,
Tony's a regular fellow; nevertheless it is true
Anzacs are "our kind of people," closer than all of the rest,
Though they come out of the north an' south, out of the east an' the west;
Big shouldered, six-foot Australians, wearin' their tip-tilted hats,
Africans sent up from Capetown, men from Saskatchewan's flats,
Guys out of distant New Zealand, hearin' Brittania's call,
Fightin' like tigers for England, but "our kind of folks, after all."

"Our kind of people,"
From near an' from far,
Much more like us
Than like English, they are;
Look like us, talk like us,
Fight like we fight,
Anzacs are "our kind of people"
All right!

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ANZACS (continued)

Jacques has a way that is pleasant but we can't talk
with him much,
Tommy we're likely to row with, round about bar-
rooms an' such,
Sort of a neighborhood mix-up, kind of a sociable
scrap;
But, when we meet up with Anzacs, here from all over
the map,
Arm-in-arm Buddies we make them, whether on leave
or in line,
Raisin' the same style of rumpus, so we get on with
them fine,
Somehow we fit with each other, any old place we may
be,
Fightin' beside 'em in battle, or frolicin' round in
Paree!

"Our kind of people,"
An' our style of folks,
Learnin' our slang,
Understandin' our jokes,
Lantern-jawed, long-legged,
Devil-may-care,
Anzacs are "our kind of people"
For fair!

Part of Britannia's empire, servin' their land an' their
king,
Yet, when you look at 'em marchin', they have a style
an' a swing
More like our troops than the English; so when I've
watched 'em I've felt

Digitized by Google

ANZACS (continued)

They are the Yanks of Alberta, Yanks from the Bush an' the Veldt,
Products of our kind of climate, men from our kind of domain,
Lands that are new an' uncrowded, wide lands of mountain an' plain,
Realms where the wind an' the sunshine give every fibre a tang,
—That's why we get on together, that's why they're our kind of gang.

"Our kind of people,"
From our kind of home
Where there is space
For a fellow to roam,
Where the life's free,
An' the ozone is pure,
Anzacs are "our kind of people"
For sure!

Digitized by Google

THE SHAVETAIL

TO them I'm a "Louie," that's all,
They hear me with patience and phlegm,
While I—well, at heart, I just fall
In something like worship of them;
There never were such boys before,
It may be there won't be again,
My smiling, unscareable, gentle and terrible
Bully American Men!

It's "Come to salute" when we meet,
In barrack and billet and street,
But if I should do as I felt,
In spite of my bar and my belt,
I'd hug 'em like brothers, and then,
I'd take off my cap to my men.

They view me as sort of a joke,
Obey me because it's the code,
But I sort of swallow and choke
When seeing them march up a road,
Oh, boy, they're so big-limbed and strong,
So calm and so cheerful that when
I march with a crowd of them I'm so darned
proud of them,
I want to cheer for my men.

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THE SHAVETAIL (continued)

It's "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," they say,
For that is the service man's way,
But save for that rule, I've a hunch
I'd like to be "Bud" to that bunch,
(Provided they'd let me) for then
I might reach the heart of my men!

They'll plunge into hell at the word,
Come out of it, half of them gone,
And then, as though nothing'd occurred,
Pick out a fresh hell—and go on!
They're humorous, tender and stern,
And, oh, but it's great to have been
Along with these cootie-ful, muddified, beautiful
Gorgeous American Men!

It's "Louie" they call me, but who
Is likely to mind if they do?
They've done the real work in this show,
I'll say that they have, and I know,
And, take it from me once again,
There's nothing on earth like my men!

Digitized by Google

TOMMY

QUEER about Tommy, we can't get along with him,
Always in wrong with him
Can't seem to fix it,
Ought to be chums, but whenever we chat with him
We hit the mat with him
Gee, how we mix it!
He's our blood brother, but, somehow or other
When we meet Tommy it's "Call for the Cop!"
Yet when we're waiting in trenches that hide us
We like to know that old Tommy's beside us
Ready to climb with us over the top.

Tommy, oh Tommy, here's lookin' at you;
We fight you whenever you heave into view,
But when the guns boom an' there's trouble to share,
Tommy, oh Tommy, we're glad you are there!

Strange about Tommy, we like the plain style of him,
Love the warm smile of him
Never down-hearted
Yet when we meet him we need the M. P.'s around
Swarming like bees around
Getting us parted;
Blood they say's thicker than water or licker
Still, it runs fast when we gather, I've found,
But when barrages our ear-drums are floggin'

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TOMMY (continued)

When a drive starts that is dogged an' sloggin'
Tommy's a bird we like stickin' around!

Tommy, oh Tommy, here's *to* you, old dear,
We can't agree, though the reason ain't clear,
Yet when the game is to shatter the Hun,
Tommy, oh Tommy, we fight him as one.

Truth about Tommy is, he stands all right with us
Though he will fight with us
When we're together,
Down in our hearts we admire the brave wit he has,
Love the grim grit he has,
Built for rough weather;
What if we batter each other, no matter,
When the gas thickens and shells crash an' whine
When it's close work in a battle that's bloody
Tommy's our pal an' our chum an' our Buddy,
We like to know he is next to our line!

Tommy, oh Tommy, here's *to* you, old horse
You're the style soldier we're proud to endorse,
Though we may scrap with you when you are nigh,
Tommy, oh Tommy, you're some little guy!

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ENGINEERS

WHEN the convoy crawls on a long white road
Straight to the blazing line,
While the drivers nod as they guide their load
On where the star shells shine,
If a two ten drops with a roaring crash
The big trucks cease to roll
And the C.O. growls as he views the smash
And swears at the ten-foot hole;

"Job for the Engineers,
Bring up the wrecking crew,
Shovel and pick will do the trick
Then we can go on through."
They're on the spot, you bet
Soon, with a clash of gears,
We're on the way for the road's O. K.
Fixed by the Engineers!

When the storm troops wait at the river banks
And each stone bridge is blown,
And the stream's too deep for the fat old tanks
And pontoons must be thrown;
Where the water boils with the shell and shot
It "Engineers 'toot sweet'*"
They will lose one-half of the men they've got
But build that bridge, complete.

*'Tout d' suite'—right away!

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ENGINEERS (continued)

"Job for the Engineers,
Never you mind the loss
Fritz has a hate but the troops can't wait
See that they get across.
You won't get no rewards
Hear any shouts or cheers,
Bring up your mob for here's a job,
Job for the Engineers."

Oh, they mend the wire where it guards the front
They dig the dug-outs deep,
And to tunnel mines is their steady stunt
Like moles that get no sleep,
They take their chance where the gas clouds lurk
And I'll say it appears,
That darn small glory and beaucoup work
Comes to the Engineers.

"Job for the Engineers,
Something that 'can't be done',"
Nevertheless they'll do it, yes,
That's how they get their fun,
Armed with a kit of tools
Careless of hopes or fears,
Big jobs or small, you simply call,
Call for the Engineers.

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THE SMOKES

SEND 'em over in the daylight
When there's Boches they can *see*,
An' they'll rush 'em with the butt or bayonet;
But at night, or in the gray light
When the dawn is strugglin' free
You can't trust the crazy dinges on a bet!
They get wary at the shadows an' they lose their nerve an' break
At the shells that seem to come from God-knows-where,
They forget that they are fightin' for their dear old country's sake,
An' they simply want to get away from there!

'Taint for me to criticise 'em
For I know that they can fight
When you put 'em in a scrimmage, hand-to-hand;
But as buddies I don't prize 'em
When the job is sittin' tight
Where the shells is makin' powder of the land.
So in chargin', hell for leather, where a man can see his mark,
You can count upon the smokes for showin' prime,
But for waitin' an' for stickin' an' for sloggin' through the dark
I would rather have the white men every time!

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THE REGULAR

("And Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool, you bet that Tommy sees!")

I'M one of the Regular Army Men, enlisted before the war
When fifteen per was the pay we got—an' learned to be soldiers for—
I joined in the days when Olive Drab was lackin' in real éclat,
An' it wasn't often a doughboy found a "welcome" upon the mat.
I'm a hero now, an' the ladies bow, an' it's pleasant enough,—an' yet
It's worryin' me how long 'twill be till the people again forget!

"Only a common soldier,"
That's what they used to say
Though they must of seen I was straight an' clean
The same as I am today,
I looks at the flags a-wavin',
I thinks of them times that's past,
An' I'm sayin' "Yes, it is fine, I guess,
—How long is it gonna last?"

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THE REGULAR (continued)

The National guard comes homeward from fightin' the ugly Teuts,
The drafted men get their papers an' put on their civvie suits;
They all of them done their portion, we regulars done the same,
But *we* gotta go on playin' the steady old army game.
They finished their bit, all right, an' quit; their glory will not be lost,
An' the regular force gets cheers, of course, but—
I have my fingers crossed!

"Only a common soldier,"
It used to be said with sneers,
An' I still recall every slight an' all
The scorn of them bygone years.
Just now I'm a social lion
Enjoyin' it while I can
Till the graft goes bust an' they say, "He's just
A Regular Army man,
A roughneck brute in a khaki suit,
A Regular Army man!"

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THE MARINES

SAID the Doughboy, "You Marines
Made a rep at Château-Thierry."
Said the Leatherneck—three wound stripes on his sleeve—
"We have fought in many scenes,
An' you fellers make we weary;
When you say we '*made* a rep,' I get a peeve.
We're the oldest arm of service
An' the world knows what our nerve is
An' our rep was made a hundred years ago;
By a thousand fights we've gained it,
Château-Thierry just sustained it,
Which is something else again, believe me, Bo!"

Said the Doughboy, "Well, it's clear
We don't hear so much about you
Since we got a lot of doughboys on the job!"
Said the Leatherneck, "Look here,
Though by rights I otta clout you,
I'll just put a thought or two within' your knob.
We weren't very great in number
When we started; now we slumber
Under crosses, or the best of us are there;
And the rest, their job's completed.
With an arm or leg deleted
You can't do much further fightin' anywhere!"

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THE MARINES (continued)

Said the Doughboy, "You're so proud
An' you do a lot of struttin'
An' you talk as though your bunch was all the cheese."
Said the Leatherneck, "Our crowd,
While your eye-teeth you was cuttin'
Had been fightin' all around the seven seas.
Belleau Woods an' Porto Rico
An' Manila an' Tampico,
Pekin, China, an' Havana hold our dead;
An' if we are talkin' strong to
Boost the corps that we belong to
It's because there's good an' plenty to be said!"

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THE YID BATTALION

THEY took a bunch of Hebrews from New York's East Side
They put 'em into khaki and they made 'em drill;
They bronzed 'em in the sunshine and they taught 'em pride
Pride in being soldiers who could fight with skill.

Pallid "cloak-and-suiters" from the sweat shop crowd
Changed to husky doughboys and were shipped to France,
Marched to front-line trenches, where they did us proud,
All that they had needed was a white man's chance.

Through the Argonne forest where the Boches lay
Stormed this Yid battalion in a charge superb,
Warriors blithe and fearless, who but yesterday
Overflowed the sidewalks and the Grand street curb.

Valiant, over-eager, they were trapped by Huns,
Cut off and surrounded in the Argonne Wood,
Sniped by hidden rifles and by German guns;
Did these Yids surrender? No, by God, they stood!

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THE YID BATTALION (continued)

Out of ammunition and of rations, too,
  Looking every minute in the face of death,
In war's fiery furnace they were proven true,
  True to all we fight for—to each man's last breath.

"Death," the Teutons signalled, "is your certain fate,
  But if you surrender we will treat you well,"
Brief, profane, immortal was their answer, straight;
  Shouted, all together, "You can go to Hell!"

Rescuers released them, but as white as flame
  Shines their light of glory not to be denied;
Alamo, Thermopylæ—matched by men who came
  Fighting through the Argonne from New York's
    East Side!

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"BUDDY"

WHAT does "Buddy" mean?
It's like this; you see
All that I can tell is what
"Buddy" means to me.

It means a feller you like an' chum with,
Play an' sleep with an' fight an' bum with,
Made of the stuff that you're designed of
Partner, an' pal an' brother, kind of,
One who shares in the pup tent's shelter
When the whole blame world is a muddy welter,
It means that all that you have goes double,
Luck an' money an' fun an' trouble!

"Buddy" means there's a guy beside you
Ready to scrap if the others ride you,
One who'll jolly you, jeer you, cuss you,
An' carry you back if a shell should muss you;
One you'll swear by an' stand the gaff for
Break your last wet "pill" in half for,
One you'll lie for an' take the blame for,
Knowin' it's you he'd do the same for.

"Buddy" means there's a chap who hands you
Knocks an' boosts, an' who understands you,
One to wade with through fire an' water
Close at hand in the reddest slaughter;

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"BUDDY" (continued)

Who, if you're killed as the battle blazes,
Drops a tear where you push up daisies,
"Buddy" means,—why, it don't need study—
Somebody like my good old "Buddy"!

What does "Buddy" mean?
It's like this, you see
All that I can tell is what
"Buddy" means to me!

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"SON FAIRY ANN"

(Which is Buddy's version of the French 'C' ne fait rien' meaning, "It doesn't matter," or "what's the odds?")

WAR kind of gets a man in time
So he just takes things as they come,
The smells, the sights, the dust, the slime,
The good chow or the rotten slum,
If luck goes right or wholly wrong
He stands it all the best he can
And takes whatever comes along
With just these words, "Son Fairy Ann."

At first he thinks he's gonna be
A hero, doing noble stunts
For which he'll get the D.S.C.
And win a captaincy at once,
But when he is a private still
A year from when he first began
He swallows Fortune's bitter pill
And simply says, "Son Fairy Ann."

His girl from home, she throws him down
His mother's letters don't arrive
He can't get leave to go to town
He's wet an' cold an' half alive

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"SON FAIRY ANN" (continued)

His clothes are full of things that crawl
He fights an' does what others plan
He sees his closest buddies fall
An' learns to say, "Son Fairy Ann."

An' though he may not like his lot
He sticks, because, to put it terse,
He's built that way, and, like as not,
If he should change he'd get it worse;
Thirst, hunger, death, they all are one
He takes them like an army man
And dreams of home when war is done
As for the rest—"Son Fairy Ann."

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KNOWLEDGE

I HAD lived softly, trodden pleasant ways,
  Sounded no depths of life, looked on the mere
Shell of the world, with lazy critic gaze,
  Heard its great voice with inattentive ear;
  War snatched me from the cloying atmosphere
Of clubs and foyers to adventure high,
  Taught me to feel, hate, love, endure and fear,
I lived and fought with men and saw them die!

What spaces I have spanned in these great days!
  How far am I from that glib, insincere
Cynic who summed existence in a phrase
  And looked on all things human with a sneer!
  One learns the verities when over here,
Where red war flames along the arching sky,
  And in a life that strips souls stark and sheer,
I lived and fought with men and saw them die!

Comradeship I have found where cannon blaze,
  Loyalty to the end, abiding cheer
In "hell's despite"; courage beyond all praise
  And life held cheap because a faith is dear;
  Of old I saw the world an ugly smear,
Not knowing that my sight was all awry
  But war's rough hand swept my dull vision clear,
I lived and fought with men and saw them die.

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KNOWLEDGE (continued)

Envoy

Thank God the wrath of war will disappear,
  Yet this it brought me, which I could not buy,
The memory that through one flaming year
  I lived and fought with men and saw them die!

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FED UP

ADVENTURE'S fine to talk about, I'll say,
But I have had enough of it in mine,
I dreamed about the "glory of the fray"
Until at last they put me into line,
And there I learned the beauties of fighting rats and cooties,
And cold and mud and Boches that I met,
I've known the noise and gore of it,
I've had enough and more of it
You bet,
I'll hit the trail for home without regret.

I s'pose I'm glad I've seen the thing, at that,
For I know how I'll swell around at home,
Tell how I wore a mask and for a hat,
Sported a nice tin derby on my dome;
But in my life at present I find it darned unpleasant;
This war thing isn't any pleasure tour,
And I have had enough of it
For sure,
It doesn't take a lot to make a cure.

Don't get me wrong, I haven't any kick,
I'm here to stay until this job is done
But when we've won the war and turned the trick
Believe me, I don't want another one,

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FED UP (continued)

I've seen my share of slaughter and I will cross
the water
As thankful and as pleased as I can be,
Some men ain't had their fill of it, they'll miss,
they say, the thrill of it,
Not me!
When Uncle Sam says "Beat it," I'll agree.

Some people are afraid when we return
We'll be a warlike bunch. It makes me grin,
For most of us have had our chance to learn
What war is and to hate the thing like sin;
Why say, it makes me dizzy to think of getting
busy
At work and play like peaceful people do,
Leave all this dirty, cheesy life and start a soft
and easy life
All new,
Say, after this, no war for me, I'm through.

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THE HIDDEN THINGS

THERE'S things a fellow talks about
To almost anyone,
Stories he's always reeling out
Of fighting, work or fun,
But often you'll go through a heap
Of life that's hard and grim
And with some chap you'll eat and sleep
A year, before he'll speak what's deep
Down in the heart of him.

The gentle, hidden tender things
All locked and sealed away,
Behind his ready, careless speech
Of women, wine and pay,
For all the real and sacred things
Are rarely on display.

You'll know some bird who's loud and tough,
Full of black oaths and such,
Whose speech is crammed with bar-room stuff,
And then, some day, you'll touch
The latchstring to that roughneck's heart
And find, concealed within,
Something he's thought of from the start,
A secret dream he's placed apart,
From revel, lust and sin.

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THE HIDDEN THINGS (continued)

Some little thing, some lovely thing
He's kept and cherished so;
He's thinking that the light of day
Will make it fade and go,
And half afraid, and half ashamed
He seldom lets it show.

And that's the way with all the lot
Who joined to go to war,
We talk of many things, but not
Of what we're fighting for;
Guns, chow and smokes, the last big drive,
Gossip and news we've heard,
Who's missing, wounded, dead, alive,
But, of the cause for which we strive,
You'll scarcely hear a word.

For that's one of the deeper things
That fellows always shove
Way out of sight, like thoughts of God
And those of Her you love,
The truer things, the greater things
We shrink from speaking of.

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AMBITION

THE mighty tunes that you stand up to,
That throb and peal with a stately beat,
Are not the sort that I want to do,
But the rag whose witchery stirs the feet.
For when men march through a shell-wrecked street
Or move up into the lines, at night,
It's ragtime airs that their lips repeat
And those are the tunes I'd like to write.

Oh, the tunes men play on a fine tooth comb
In trench and barracks, on bivouac,
When there's not a star in the inky dome
And never a light must stab the black;
The tunes men hum as with creaking pack
They slog along to the weary fight—
Whatever musical art they lack,
Those are the tunes I'd like to write!

Let the critics sneer, as the critics will,
But the tunes men sing where the earth and sky
Are spewing death, are the tunes whose thrill
Is somehow magical, fine and high;
They have a glory none may deny
Though the airs be simple, the burdens light,
If they're hummed by men as they fight—and die,
Those are the tunes I'd like to write.

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THE LOST BUDDY

PEACE doesn't mean the same to me
As it would—yesterday;
Me and my buddy'd planned to be
Life pardners, all the way
We thought we'd start a little shop
After this bloody show,
After the guns come to a stop,
But now, it can't be so.

I'm used to seein' comrades fall
About me, everywhere,
I liked 'em and I missed 'em all
But muttered, "C'est la Guerre."
It was the price that must be paid
By men who take a chance
In this great game of death that's played
Upon the soil of France.

But this is different, my friend
Fell in last night's attack.
Today the war is at an end
But that won't bring him back;
His life was lost in vain, for peace
Was on the way. His blood,
Mingled with rains that never cease,
Seeps through the Flanders mud.

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THE LOST BUDDY (continued)

So while the others cheer the news
  Of peace, I curse at Fate,
My buddy's underneath this ooze;
  His life was spent—too late.
There is no chance, nor will there be
  To make the Huns repay,
And peace don't mean the same to me
  As it would yesterday.

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THE FIGHTING EDGE

ENGLISH and Belgians, Italians and French
Fought like grim fury in dug-out and trench,
More than four years of it—God, what a spell
Spent in the nearest there is to a hell!
All of our losses seem tiny and light
Stacked up beside of their total, all right;
But this much *we* did, in the last great attack
We started Fritz on the trail that leads back!

Others have lost more
In battles that cost more,
Others held eighty percent of the line,
All that we claim
Is this share of the fame,
We started Fritz on his way to the Rhine.

Down all the ages the world will recall
Tommy, who, fighting with back to the wall,
Stopped the Boche gang; and the poets will sing
Praises of poilus who did that same thing;
But, when the Fritzies had driven that wedge
Close, close to Paris, *we* blunted its edge,
Smashed it, in fact, and with one nasty crack
Started the Boches to traveling back.

Others—you said it—
Earned lots of credit,
They fought our fight long before we came in,

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THE FIGHTING EDGE (continued)

Only, we say
In a casual way
We started Fritz on the hike for Berlin!

We was all fresh, young and vigorous guys,
We hadn't suffered like other allies,
They was all tired and weary of war;
We'd been the same in a year or two more,
Still, the truth stands, that of all at the front
We were the lads pulled the victory stunt,
Doughboys, marines, fresh from over the foam,
We started Fritz in a hurry for home.

We didn't know
He was a foe
Couldn't be smashed, so we made the attack,
Others, it's true
Saw the job through,
But, it was *us* that had *started* him back!

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"I'LL TELL THE WORLD"

TWO service stripes, two wound stripes, too,
Upon my sleeve,
It's beaucoup war that I've been through;
You get me, Steve;
Through Belleau an' the Argonne drive
Our crowd was hurled,
An' me—I'm pleased that I'm alive,
I'll tell the world.

Home was my little resting spot
Before this show
Since then I've learned an awful lot
An' now I know,
For all I've seen of cities gay
An' seas that swirled,
The place for me is U. S. A.
I'll tell the world!

I once took pride in bein' tough,
Tough as could be,
But though this job of war is tough
It's softened me,
For after all the battle stress
Where death is hurled
You learn to value gentleness,
I'll tell the world.

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"I'LL TELL THE WORLD" (continued)

I've faced the luck of war with men
Of many ranks,
I wouldn't face that hell again
For beaucoup francs,
But now we've finished up the game
An' flags is furled,
I'm glad we're through—an' glad I came,
I'll tell the world!

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WONDERMENT

JUST now I'm thinkin' when I get home,
There's nothin' under the sky's blue dome
Will ever tempt me to go away,
I'll settle down with a sigh—an' stay;
But say,
I wonder;
After a while when things grow tame
Maybe I'll miss this war-time game,
The sound of the guns that thunder,
The open life an' the men I knew,
An' even the hardships we went through!

Just now I'm wishin' to settle down
In my quiet job in a little town
Where there ain't a fret an' there ain't a thrill
An' nothin' happens, an' never will;
But still,
I wonder;
After a while, when the country store,
An' the gang that circles the stove's a bore
I hardly can bear up under,
Maybe I'll yawn an' stretch an' gaze
Wistful, into the distant haze.

Oh, from too much war I may seek release
But how will it be when there's too much peace?
I'm yearnin' hard for the home folks, now,

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WONDERMENT (continued)

For the bed that's soft an' the country chow,
But how,
I wonder,
Will it be with me who've rode in ships
Where the U-boats lurk an' the deck-gun rips
The salt sea winds asunder?
Will home existence seem flat an' stale,
An' me a prisoner, locked in jail?

When you've lived an' battled an' wandered far
Home is a sort of a beacon star,
It leads you back, an' of course you go,
But a guy gets restless, I've come to know;
An' so
I wonder
If maybe the home things will not pall
An' I be hearin' the great world call,
Call in a voice like thunder;
An', like a prisoner, breakin' pen,
Go boundin' out on the trail again!

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THE LESSON

PRIVATE DOWLIE, careless and flip,
Sloven in uniform, loose of lip;

Captain spoke to him, "Dowlie, you
Happen to be just one of few

Native Americans I have got;
The rest are rather, well—polyglot;

Brave and loyal and strong enough
But not exactly good non-com stuff.

I need your kind, but I cannot rate
A man who's careless, who won't keep straight,

Who's always shooting a bunch of chin
And isn't subject to discipline.

You ought to learn, for your mind's astute;
That it isn't *officers* you salute

But the uniform, and it should occur
To man like you are, that saying "Sir"

Is nothing cringing, but just a part
Of being soldierly, trim and smart.

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THE LESSON (continued)

Private Dowlie considered a bit
And then with ready and Yankee wit

Answered, "There's sense, 'Sir,' in what you say,"
Saluted smartly, and turned away.

A few weeks after, with seven men,
The Captain stood at a cross roads, when

The night was coming. A German shell
Landed close and each soldier fell

Flat on the ground. When the smoke had cleared
The Captain, wobbly, half-stunned, upreared,

And started calling his men by name;
"Martin," "Kratzi." The answer came

"Safe, Sir." "Schaefer," "Tobenkin," "Black."
"Safe and sound, Sir," the word came back.

But the other names brought no reply
And the Captain sought where the men might lie.

He groped through the dimness, till he found
One figure, lifeless, upon the ground,

Another one near it barely stirred;
The Captain called, and in answer heard,

"Corporal Dowlie, Sir." "Are you hurt?"
"I think I'll die, Sir," but from the dirt

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THE LESSON (continued)

He rose a bit, and though darkness made
His figure seem like a moving shade,

He summoned his strength with a pain acute
And brought his hand to a smart salute

Then crumpled up, and the captain cried,
For "Corporal Dowlie, Sir," had died,

Died the way that a soldier should
For the lesson he learned was learned—for good!

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THE QUESTION

CAME here to fight—an' we did
  Came here to win—an' we won;
Put Mr. Boche on the grid,
  Basted him till he was done;
We'd have stayed ten years—a score—
  If the job lasted that long
But there's no war any more
  So we're all singin' this song:

Oh men, say when,
When do we start for home?
  When will our ship
  Begin her trip
Over the ocean foam?
  Any one know
  When we will go,
Go on the trail for home?

Barrack an' Billet an' line
  All of us thinkin' alike,
"Got any news, any sign
  Showin' we're goin' to hike—
Hike for the ship sailin' back?
  That's what we're longin' to learn.
When'll they tell us to pack?
  When do we start to return?

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THE QUESTION (continued)

Oh men, say when,
When do we leave for Home?
The war is fought
An' now this thought
Is in each soldier's dome,
Any one hear
When we will clear—
Clear out of France for Home?

Now that there's no one to fight
We just hang round an' repeat,
"Gosh, to be sittin' tonight
Home, with real dishes to eat;
Home—that's the smoke, not a tear—
Still, a man's fancies will roam
Home to the folks, far from here—
When do they start us for Home?

Oh men, say when
When do we beat it Home?
Oh Gosh, to see Miss Liberty
A shinin' through the gloam,
Say, who has heard the latest word?
When do we start for Home?

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THE TWO CROSSES

THE White Cross of Calvary, it leads the world in war
To gain the true and perfect love that Jesus suffered for,
Ahead of our battalions it glows with wondrous light
That marks the path of victory we follow in the fight;
The white cross of Calvary is shrined in every heart,
But the red cross of mercy—it plays an equal part,
And in the hell of pounding guns its magic shall not cease,
The White Cross, the Red Cross shall bring us through to peace.

The White Cross of Calvary shall shed a glory great
On those who fight for faith and right against the hordes of hate,
But the Red Cross of mercy, it is the badge they wear
Who seek and save the broken ones amid the battle glare,
The sign of that great service corps which fights no foe but pain
And strives for human salvage in the waste of war's red reign,
And brave hearts and faint hearts may know the beauty of
The White Cross of Calvary, the Red Cross of love.

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THE TWO CROSSES (continued)

The White Cross of Calvary whereon was crucified
The Savior of Humanity, a spear mark in his side,
Shall be our blessed guerdon, but there's the Cross of Red
(Aye, tinged with blood compassionate our Lord and Master shed)
And it shall lift the fallen and bear them back again
And with a strange new wizardry rebuild them into men.
In all the roar of conflict above the crimson sod
The White Cross and Red Cross shall do the work of God!

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THE BIG ADVANCE

O LIGHT your pipe up, Buddy,
And fasten on your pack;
The footing may be muddy
Along our forward track,
But we should worry when we see
What we are going for;
We're marchin' into Germany,
We've won the blooming war.

There are no shells to meet us
And our own guns are dumb;
No m. g. nests will greet us
With bullets as we come;
Our hobnails rasp, our belts all creak,
We slog past plain and hill;
No H. E.'s "crump," no "two tens" shriek,
God, but the air is still.

Say, this is diff'rent, Buddy,
Than just a while ago
When "forward" meant a bloody
And damned unhealthy show,
With Boches round the scenery
By squad, division, corps;
But now, we're off to Germany,
We've won the blooming war.

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THE BIG ADVANCE (continued)

And those we've left behind us
  Upon the fields of France
Perhaps they'll somehow find us
  And march in our advance,
The Grand Commander up above
  If what we're taught is true
Will help them see the glory of
  The thing they helped to do.

We've marched in wartime, Buddy,
  In dark and cold and damp,
But now our fires are ruddy
  Wherever we encamp;
This the time we've fought to see
  The thing we came here for,
We're off, we're off to Germany,
  We've won the blooming war.

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SPECULATION

WHEN the war is over an' we can sail
With our lights a-shinin' free,
An' we needn't watch fer a U-boat's trail
Slinkin' under the sea;
When we kin steam at an easy lope
An' the decks are clear of guns
With never a sign of a periscope
Along o' the track we runs;

I'm thinkin' at first we'll find it great
With never a convoy near,
To plod along on a course that's straight
With nary a sub to fear,
Yet, after playin' this war-time game
Of submarine peek-a-boo,
I'm wonderin' won't we find it tame
With nothin' like that to do?

Yes, after drawin' our every breath
In the perils that we has known,
An' playin' at hide an' seek with death
In the thick of the danger zone,
Where a Hun torpedo may start to race
A-streakin' it for our hull—
Well, after havin' them things to face,
Won't peace seem a leetle dull?

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SPECULATION (continued)

Oh, I'll be glad when it comes, all right,
An' there isn't no need to ride,
With the gunner's mate at the five-inch sight
An' the boats swung overside,
But I'm thinkin' now, as a feller will,
That when days of peace come back,
We'll be missin' some of the old-time thrill
That we knew on the U-boat track!

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PRIDE

THE nearest I got to the front in France
Was bakin' the army bread at Tours,
With a baker's apron over my pants,
Say, I was a hero soldier, sure.
I done a year in the S.O.S.
An' men from the front they held the view.
That I was a kind of a louse; I guess
That I was inclined to think so, too!

Over in France I was just a worm
To the boys who came from the blazin' line,
I used to feel that I oughta squirm
Outa their sight to some hole of mine;
But now, I'm Home, an' my sleeve is bright
With two gold stripes, an' they sure look gay
Compared to the silver ones, all right,
Of guys who never left U. S. A.

Say, when you've been for a year or so
Where all you get is the glassy eye,
It sure is bully, believe me, bo,
To have it over some other guy;
My chest swells up, an' my shoulders square,
Whenever these silver-stripers pass
For the service chevrons from Over There
Are Class; here, Buddy, you get me—Class!

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THE RETURN

WHEN we come rolling home again across the ocean foam again
Away from muddy trenches and the noise and smell of war,
Without that job to weary us we won't be stern and serious
And noble-looking heroes like some folks are planning for;
We're mostly young and vigorous and after labors rigorous
We'll sure be good and ready for a frolic or a dance,
We've learned from war, no doubt of it, but when we're safely out of it
At heart we'll be about the same as when we sailed for France!

We've led a life adventurous and only glooms will censure us
If, back from facing hate and death through weary days and nights
Where heavy shells were battering amid a strain nerve-shattering,
We're hungry for the glamor of the laughter and the lights.
You think that we've been taught a lot? Well, it is true we've thought a lot,

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THE RETURN (continued)

But not so much of sterner things, we've *had* enough of those;
We've dreamed of sweethearts beautiful and mothers dear and dutiful,
But pondered most on home-made pies, good dinners, baths and shows!

When we come rolling home again to tread our native loam again
We won't be greatly different from when we went away,
You'll find some little change in us, but nothing very strange in us;
We'll still be joyous spendthrifts who are strong for fun and play.
But by the pals who're lost to us and war's tremendous cost to us,
By all we've seen and all we've known and all the work we've wrought,
When we come gaily back again upon the homeward track again
God help the men who are not true to all for which we fought!

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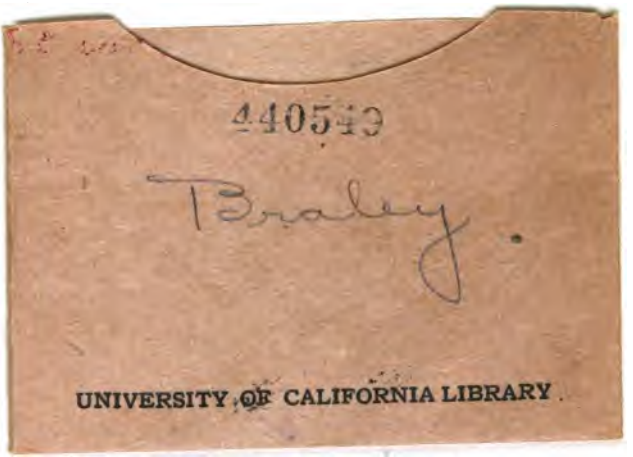

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